

I see it shining there like a Moorish virgin in damask
robes. It smiles behind its veil of delirium
at the promise of sacred kisses and prayer.
The configuration on the surface is subtle:
it will only be recognized when the cathedral
is finished,
when a thousand thousand tons
Of carefully laid stone crushes her shriveled breasts.
To remove the abomination
it will be necessary to unbuild the cathedral
Stone by stone.

-- David A. Adams

Bird Island MN

CALLING THE MOON BY NAME

we said he was crazy,
'cause he looked through a telescope
at the moon
then howled,
and howled again.
and the dogs joined in,
the way they do
when the fire trucks
get their sirens going.
and we hear tell,
from a lady who knows,
that he had thirteen,
that's right, thirteen,
pictures and drawings
of the moon in his room,
and a book of black magic
dead in the center of the floor.
he called it his bible,
and cackled like a bundle
of kindling breaking.

he stayed up
all night one hot friday
with a pile of empty cans
in front of him,
and right before god
and everybody,
took a pair of tin shears,
cut those cans
into one-inch squares,
then stitched them bits
into the lining of his coat.